



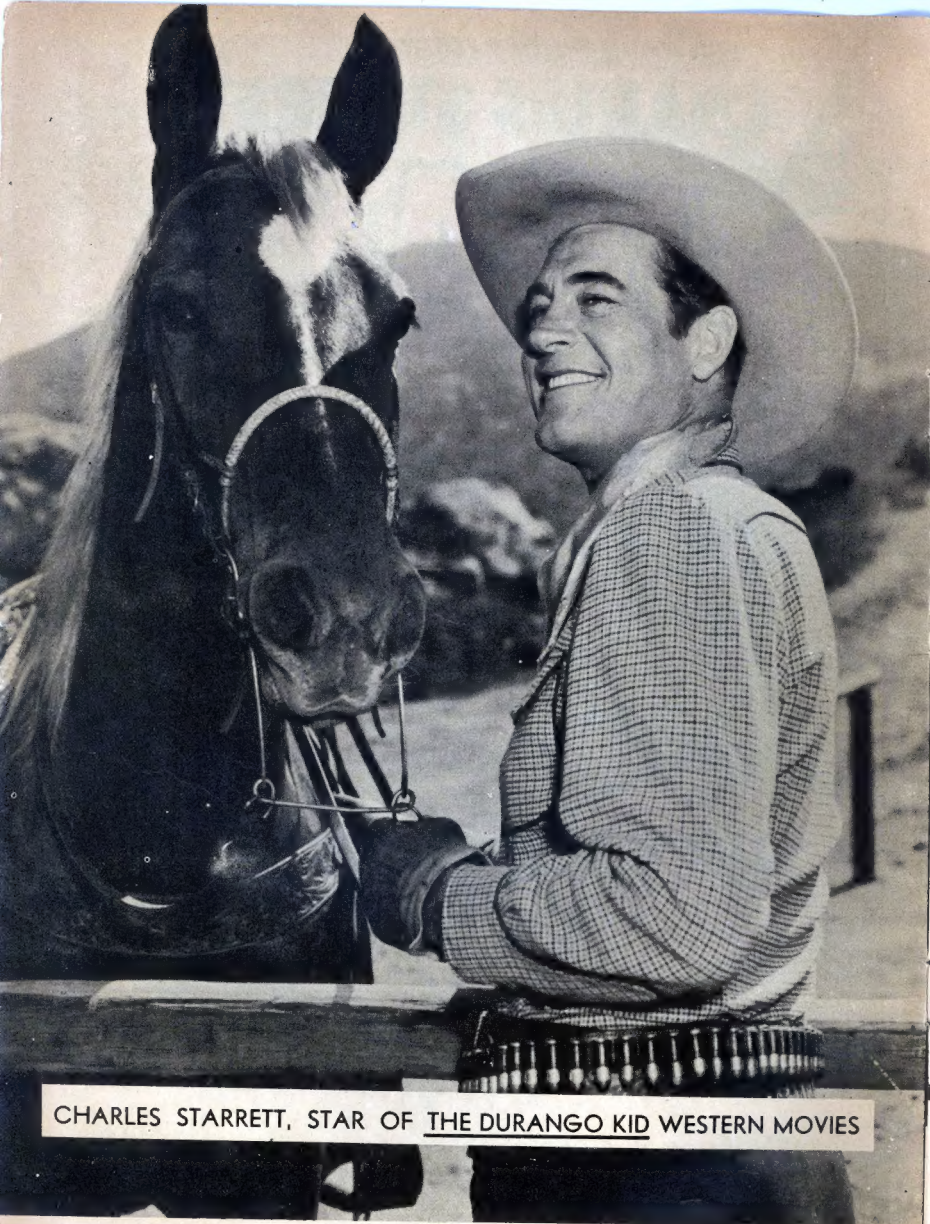
THE MOVIES' MOST COLORFUL WESTERN STAR—
CHARLES STARRETT *as*

The **DURANGO KID**

No. 6

10¢



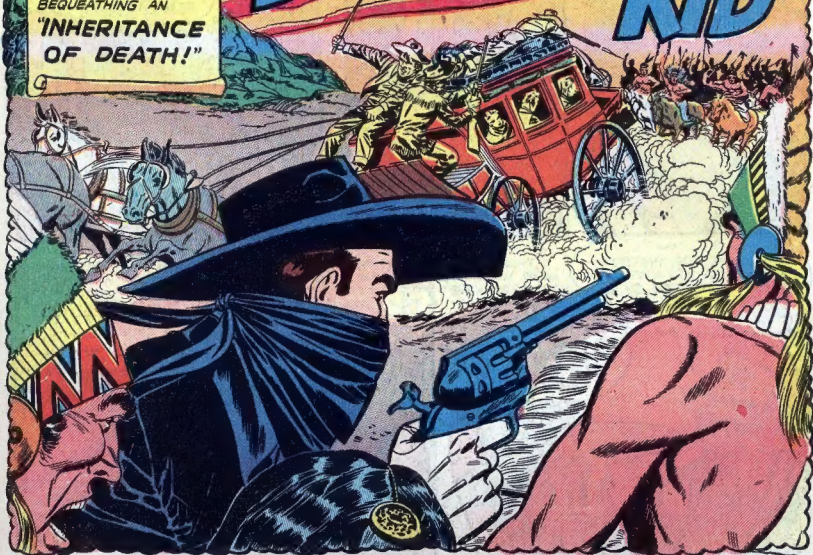


CHARLES STARRETT, STAR OF THE DURANGO KID WESTERN MOVIES

Charles Starrett as THE DURANGO KID, August-September, 1950. Vol. 1, No. 6. Published bi-monthly by Magazine Enterprises, Inc., at 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Publisher, Vincent Sullivan; Editor, Raymond C. Krank. Entered as second class matter at the post office at St. Louis, Mo. Subscription in U. S. A., 75c for six issues. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions, other than the title character, appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.

WHEN MUSTER X
SETS OUT COLDLY AND
DELIBERATELY TO WIPE
OUT AN INNOCENT
FAMILY—WHO DO NOT
EVEN KNOW HIM!—
ONLY THE INTERVENTION
OF THE DURANGO KID
PREVENTS A WELL-
MEANT WILL FROM
BEQUEATHING AN
"INHERITANCE
OF DEATH!"

The DURANGO KID



A STAGE COACH STATION IN A LARGE WESTERN CITY...

I'LL TAKE ONE OF
THOSE, BOY!



ARCHBALD SAMULES, WEALTHY
MANUFACTURER DIED TODAY AT
THE AGE OF 73, LEAVING A VAST
FORTUNE OF SEVERAL MILLIONS.
TO A NEPHEW, BUCK SAMULES.
HOWEVER, THE WHEREABOUTS
OF BUCK SAMULES ARE NOT
KNOWN. HE WAS LAST
SEEN IN THE VICINITY OF
THE TOWN OF RED CLAW.
WHERE EFFORTS ARE NOW
BEING MADE TO LOCATE HIM
IF THE YOUNGER MR. SAMULE
IS NOT FOUND, OR IS DEAD,
THE INHERITANCE WILL GO
TO A DISTANT COUSIN,
SYLVESTER
HARCOURT!

THE DURANGO KID

FOR THE TIME BEING, I'D BETTER SCRATCH MY IDENTIFICATION OFF THIS VALISE.



WHAT TIME WILL WE REACH RED CLAW, DRIVER?

ORTA MAKE IT IN 'BOUT TWO DAYS, IN EARLY MORNIN' SIR!



TWO MORNINGS LATER, THE DUSTY COACH ROLLS INTO THE SPRAWLING FRONTIER TOWN OF RED CLAW.

MISTER X, JUDGIN' FROM THET FLOWER YUH'RE WEARIN'—YUH MUST BE THE MISTER X WHUT SENT ME THET LETTER!

CORRECT! AND YOU MUST BE CAL HOOCH. ARE YOU AND YOUR MEN READY TO RIDE?



READY TUH RIDE, MISTER X—FER ANYBODY AN' ANYTHIN'—DEPENDIN' O' COURSE, ON WHUT'S IN IT FER US! KNOW WHUT I MEAN?

I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. HERE'S \$500—AND THERE'S TWICE THAT MUCH FOR YOU WHEN THE JOB IS DONE! I HOPE YOU KNOW HOW TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT! LET'S GO!



AT THAT MOMENT—in the POST OFFICE...

THUH STAGE BRANG A LETTER FER YUH, STEVE BRAND HYAR 'TIS!

THANKS!...UM—LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S FROM THE CHIEF, MULEY.



URGENT!
TO: FEDERAL MARSHAL STEVE BRAND
FROM: OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MARSHAL
IMPORTANT YOU LOCATE BUCK
SAMULES, LAST SEEN IN
YOUR TERRITORY
INFORM HIM HE IS HEIR TO
SAMULES' MILLIONS AND
GUARANTEE HIS SAFE RETURN
TO THIS CITY
(SIGNED) William Rogers
CHIEF FIELD MARSHAL
P.S. KEEP UP THE WONDERFUL WORK STEVE!

WELL! THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE PLEASANTEST ASSIGNMENT I'VE HAD IN A LONG TIME

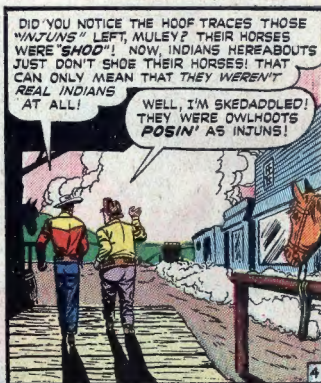
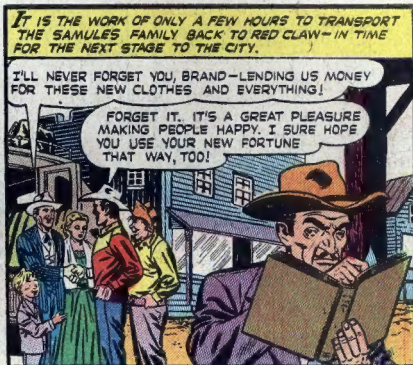
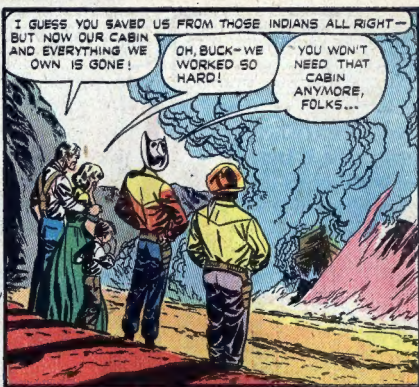


NO, STEVE—NOT SO PLEASANT! THERE'S UGLY TROUBLE AHEAD!

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

SOMEBODY WANTED SAMULES OUT OF THE WAY—WANTED IT TO LOOK AS THOUGH AN INDIAN RAID HAD KILLED HIM! I THINK THERE MUST BE ANOTHER PERSON AFTER THAT INHERITANCE, WHO-EVER IT IS WILL TRY AGAIN, I RECKON—WITH EVEN STRONGER FORCES!



WELL, **THE DURANGO KID** CAN PLAY WITH INDIANS, TOO! SO LONG, MULEY—I MAY BE GONE FOR A LITTLE WHILE!



NEXT MORNING—ON A HIGH BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE STAGE COACH ROAD...

IF YOU WANT THAT MONEY, HOOCH, YOU'D BETTER NOT FAIL **THIS TIME!** I WANT EVERY PASSENGER IN THAT COACH **KILLED AND SCALED!**



DON'T WORRY, MISTER X—WE'LL MAKE IT GOOD! THEY AIN'T NO GRASS 'ROUND HYAR TUH CATCH FIRE **THIS TIME!**

THERE'S THE STAGE! NOW **GET** THEM, HOOCH! I'LL WATCH FROM HERE!

LET'S GO BOYS!



BUT—HIGH ON ANOTHER BLUFF, OTHER EYES, KEEN AND BOLD, WATCH!

THERE THEY GO, CHIEF BIG SKY!

DURANGO, GREAT FRIEND OF THE KIWAS! BIG SKY GRATEFUL TO DURANGO FOR CHANCE TO DEFEND INDIAN HONOR!



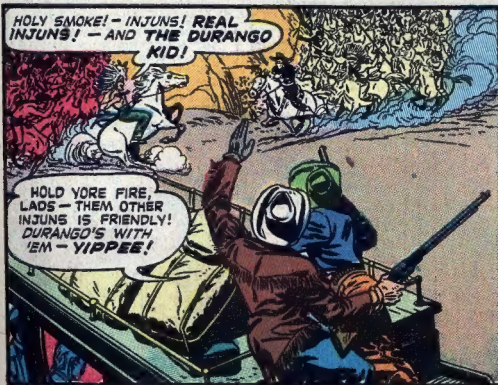
UP, RAIDER! LET'S GO, BOY!

WARRIORS! **DEATH TO THE IMPOSTERS! KO-HI-NO-LIH!**



HOLY SMOKE!—INJUNS! **REAL INJUNS!**—AND **THE DURANGO KID!**

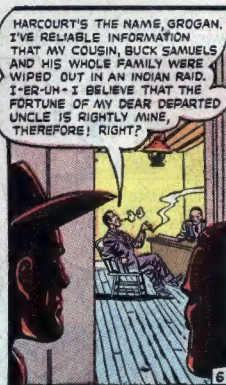
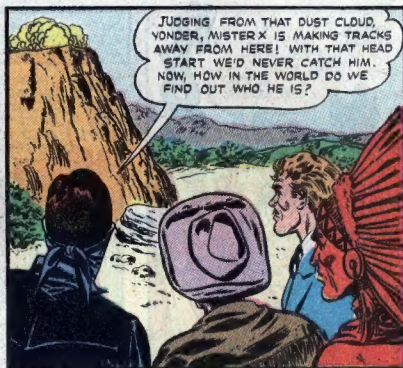
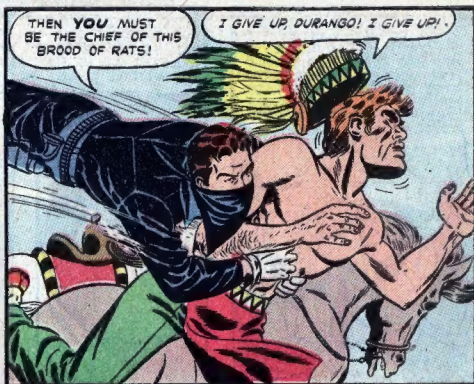
HOLD YORE FIRE, LADS—THEM OTHER INJUNS IS FRIENDLY! **DURANGO'S WITH 'EM—YIPPEE!**



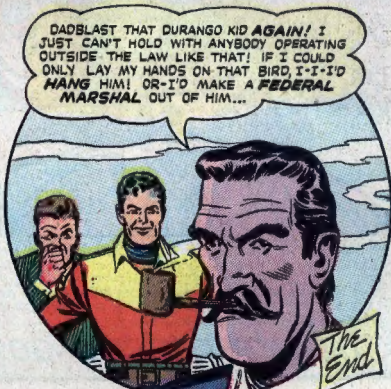
DARTING, SLASHING, PLUNGING, THE **DURANGO KID** STREAKS LIKE A DESTROYING THUNDERBOLT THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE OWLHOOTS.



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



the DURANGO KID

HAD ENOUGH?

I SAID YUH WUZ STEVE BRAND, DURANGO... BUT I'M WRONG! I'M WRONG!

IN A STABLE IN THE TOWN OF RED CLAW, A ROBBERY IS BEING PLANNED!

THUH RANCHERS PAID THEIR MONTHLY FEED BILL TODAY, AN' THAR'S A PILE O' MONEY IN THE FEED WAREHOUSE SAFE! I BIN STUDYIN' TH' LAYOUT AN' I FIGGERED OUT EVERYTHING!

NOT EVERYTHING, LEM...



YUH FIGURED WITHOUT THUH DURANGO KID! HE'S BEEN RIDIN' THESE PARTS LATELY—TOO DURN MUCH THU SKEERED ME! I GOTTA ALLOW I'M SKEERED, LEM. I WUZ RECKONIN' ON LAYIN' LOW FOR AWHILE.

HE'S RIGHT! ME TOO!



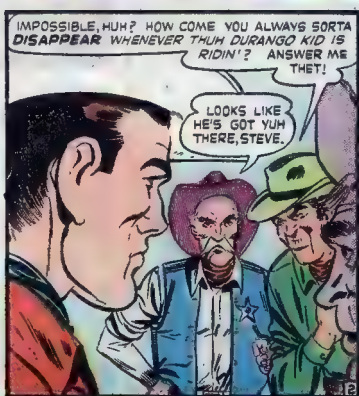
AIN'T NO CALL THU BE SKEERED OF DURANGO! I'LL TAKE KEER OF HIM! I GOTTA PLAN THU MAKE HIM LAY LOW AN' NOT BOTHER US AT ALL. LISSEN THU THIS!



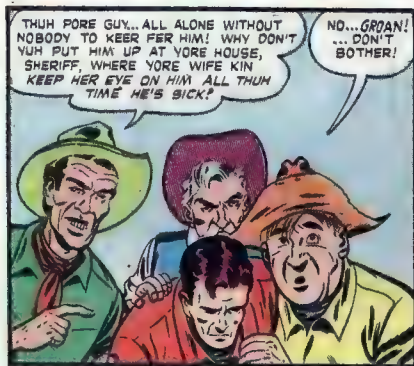
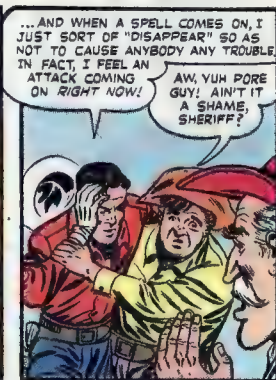
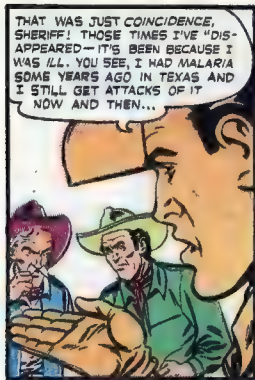
WHO IS THE DURANGO KID? ONLY TWO MEN KNOW—STEVE BRAND, WHO IS DURANGO, AND MULEY PIKE, HIS PAL. THEY GUARD THIS SECRET WITH THEIR LIVES, FOR THE SECRET IS KEY TO DURANGO'S GENIUS FOR BRINGING JUSTICE TO THE LAWLESS WEST! BUT THERE CAME A TIME WHEN EXPOSURE THREATENED—

"THE SECRET OF DURANGO!"

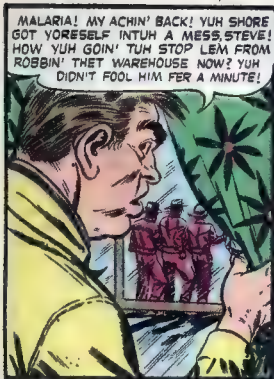
THE DURANGO KID



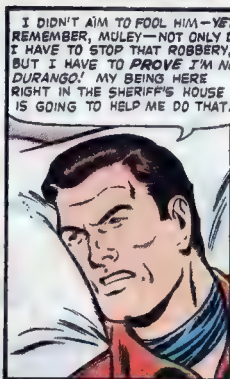
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



MALARIA! MY ACHIN' BACK! YUH SHORE GOT YORESELF INTUH A MESS, STEVE! HOW YUH GOIN' TUH STOP LEM FROM ROBBIN' THET WAREHOUSE NOW? YUH DIDN'T FOOL HIM FER A MINUTE!

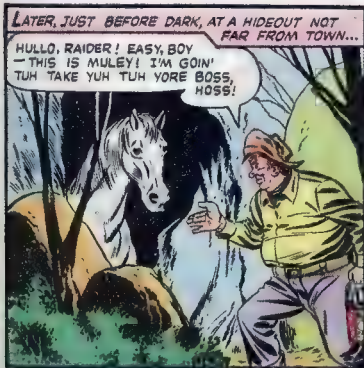


I DIDN'T AIM TO FOOL HIM—YET! REMEMBER, MULEY—NOT ONLY DO I HAVE TO STOP THAT ROBBERY, BUT I HAVE TO **PROVE I'M NOT DURANGO!** MY BEING HERE RIGHT IN THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE IS GOING TO HELP ME DO THAT!



NOW, LISTEN CAREFULLY—HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO... BZZZ... BZZZ... BZZZ...

UM...UH-H'AM...! I SEE...UM-HMM...! I GET IT...WAL, I'LL BE BURNED!



LATER, JUST BEFORE DARK, AT A HIDEOUT NOT FAR FROM TOWN...

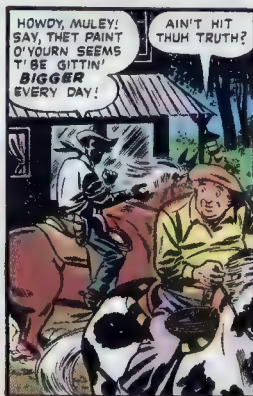
HULLO, RAIDER! EASY, BOY—THIS IS MULEY! I'M GOIN' TUH TAKE YUH TUH YORE BOSS, HOSS!



WHOA, THERE, BOY! I KNOW THIS HURTS YORE DIGNITY, BUT I GOT TUH MAKE YUH LOOK LIKE **MY HORSE, PAINT, WITH THIS HERE LAMPBLACK!**



NOW, DOGGONIT, RAIDER, STOP DANCIN' LIKE THET! YUH'RE SUPPOSED TUH BE PAINT, UNDERSTAND? SLOW AN' STUBBORN-LIKE THIS IS THUH ONLY WAY I KIN GET YUH INTUH TOWN 'THOUT NO-BODY RECOGNIZIN' YUH. WHEW, I'M SHORE GLAD THUH MOON AIN'T FULL...



HOWDY, MULEY! SAY, THET PAINT O'YOURS SEEMS T'BE GITTIN' **BIGGER** EVERY DAY!

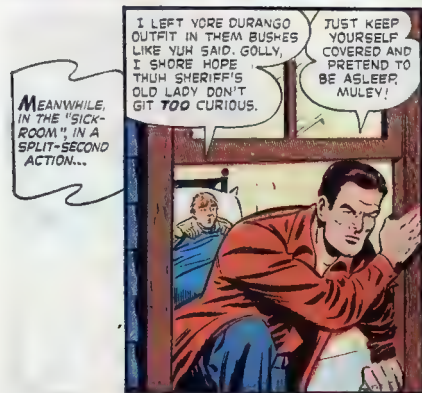
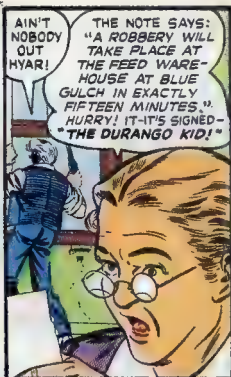
AIN'T HIT THUH TRUTH?



IN THE BUSHES BEHIND THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE...

DID IT! NOW WE WASH OFF THE DISGUISE... THEN GIT AROUND TUH THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE...

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

AND, A FEW MINUTES LATER - A FAMILIAR, DREADED, AND BELOVED FIGURE STREAKS THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE TOWN - THE DURANGO KID!

THE DURANGO KID! THERE'S TROUBLE BREWIN'!

HEY! DIDN'T SHERIFF BARNES HEAD THAT WAY JIST A MINUTE AGO ...?



AT THE BLUE GULCH FEED WAREHOUSE...

LEM DURKIS! SO YUH TURNED OWLHOOT, HUM? YOU AN' YORE PALAVER ABOUT DURANGO! STICK 'EM HIGH, LEM!

SHERIFF BARNES!

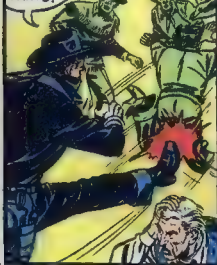


DON'T KNOW HOW YUH GOT HERE BARNES - BUT I SHORE KNOW HOW YUH'RE GOIN' OUT! GOOD BOY, WISPY!

UGH!



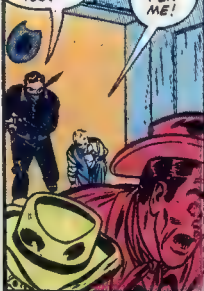
BAD BOY, WISPY! FOR THAT YOU GET A SWIFT KICK IN THE PANTS!



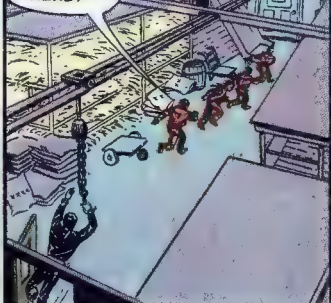
YEEOW! SOMETHIN' MUSTA WENT WRONG!

AND IT'S GOING TO GO EVEN MORE WRONG, DURKIS - WHEN I CATCH YOU!

WAIT FER ME!



QUICK, OUT THAT DOOR! LET'S GIT OUTA HERE!



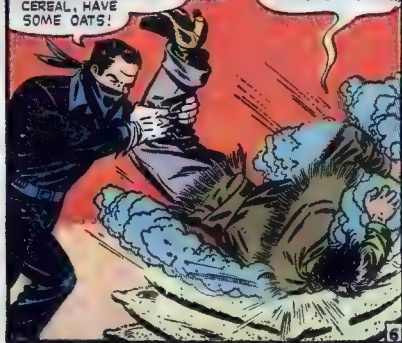
HANDY LITTLE GADGET, THIS - ISN'T IT?

GNNNG!

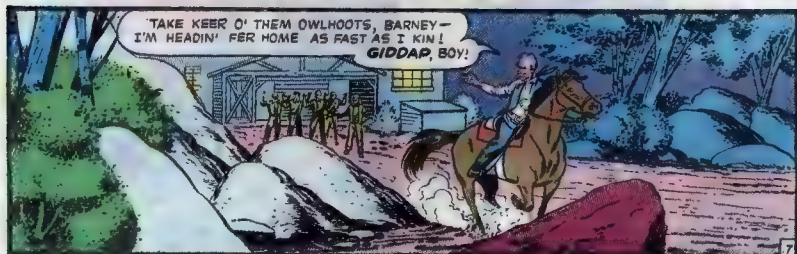
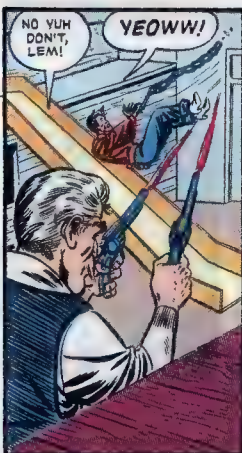


JUST IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HAD YOUR BREAKFAST CEREAL, HAVE SOME OATS!

GMFBG... THMUR... GURGLE... BLBB...



THE DURANGO KID



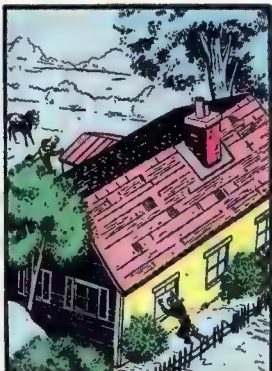
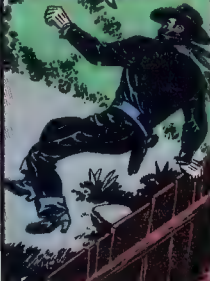
THE DURANGO KID

BUT—AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

I'VE A HUNCH THE SHERIFF IS STILL SUSPICIOUS. BACK TO THE HIDEOUT ALONE, RAIDER! BACK, RAIDER—BACK!



I'LL TAKE THESE BACK ALLEYS AND FENCES... OH-OH, I HEAR THE SHERIFF'S HORSE! I HOPE I CAN MAKE IT!



ANYTHING WRONG, SHERIFF?



HOW COME YU'RE SWEATIN' SO HARD, STEVE BRAND? HOW COME, HUM?



ISN'T IT A SHAME WHAT THIS MALARIA WILL DO, SHERIFF? JUST MAKES ME BREAK OUT IN A SWEAT ALL OVER! IT'S A GOOD SIGN THOUGH—MEANS I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A LITTLE WHILE MIND IF I GET SOME SLEEP?



NOW, PETE BARNES, YOU OLD FOOL, YOU GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE! CAN'T YOU SEE THE POOR BOY'S SICK AN' NEEDS HIS REST? NOW GIT!

ALL RIGHT, SUSIE MAY—ALL RIGHT OGGONIT, I JIST THOUGHT—AW SHUCKS! I GUESS I'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHO DURANGO IS...



Dan Brand and Tipi



THE NAMELESS HATE AND TERROR THAT BEGAN ON THE BLOOD-STAINED DECKS OF A PIRATE SHIP TRAILED JEAN LESOIR INTO THE FRONTIER WILDERNESS. FATE — IN THE FORM OF A REVENGE-MAD CUTTHROAT — DOGGED HIS FOOTSTEPS AND BROUGHT DEATH TO HIS GREAT DESIRE FOR A NEW LIFE WITH HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE, MARGUERITE. DAN BRAND AND TIPI UNRAVEL THE DREAD MYSTERY OF A HORRIBLE CRIME —

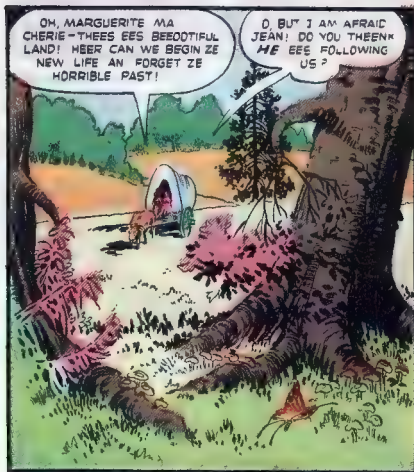
"PIRATE FURY!"

GOOD! HERE ALSO WE CAN RAISE OUR CHILD WHO EES TO COME!

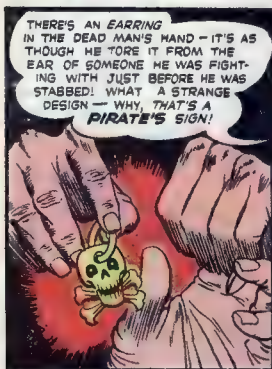
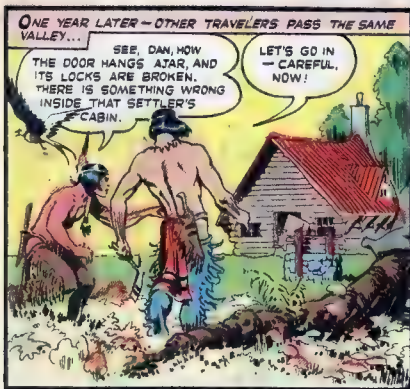
I, JEAN LESOIR, AM NOT AFRAID OF HEEM! I WEE! FIGHT HEEM TO THE DEATH! I SAY LET US STOP OUR WANDERING — BEEN THEES VALLEY LET US BUILD OUR CABIN! AND HIDE ZAT THEENG WOT MAKE OUR WAGON SO HEAVY!

OH, MARGUERITE MA CHERIE — THEES EES BEEDOTIFUL LAND! HEER CAN WE BEGIN ZE NEW LIFE AN FORGET ZE HORRIBLE PAST!

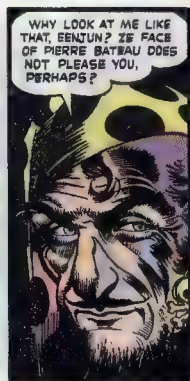
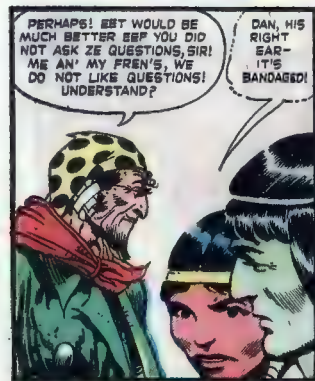
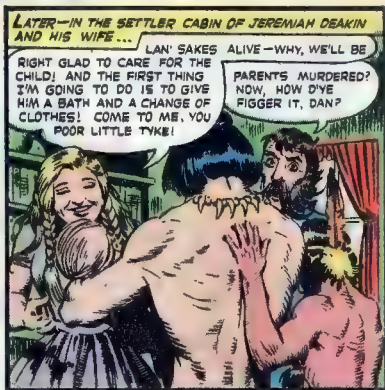
O, BUT I AM AFRAID JEAN! DO YOU THEENG HE EEE FOLLOWING US?



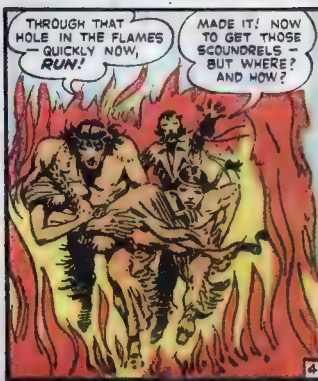
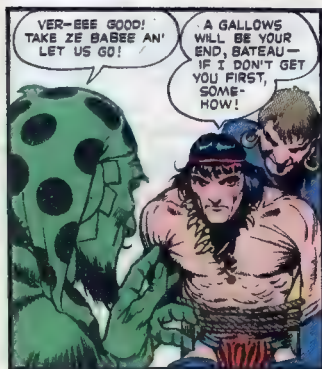
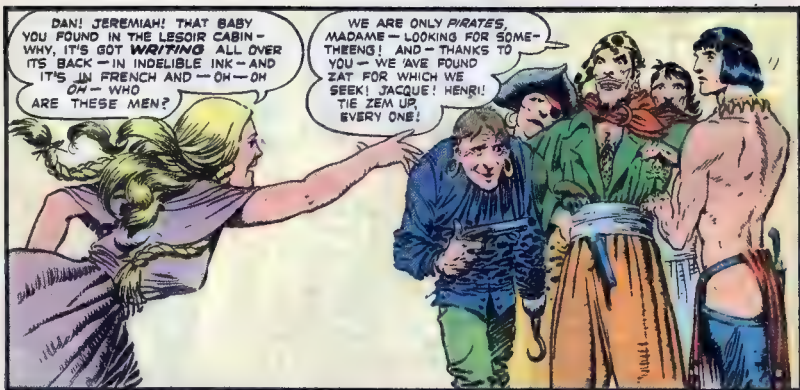
THE DURANGO KID



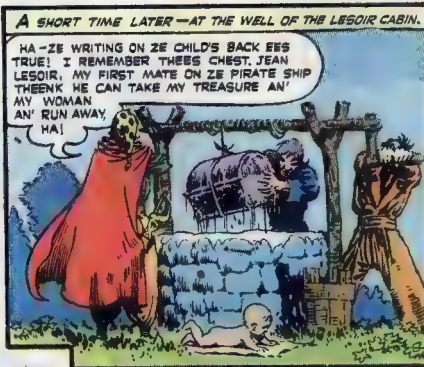
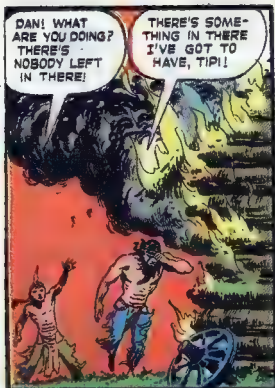
THE DURANGO KID



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THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DESERT BREED

THEY called him Old Pete. That was the only name he had, the only name he needed. From the headwaters of the Pecos River to the Milk River range in Montana, he had roved the plains and mountains, searching for gold. He knew the deserts, and he knew the waterholes. And now Old Pete had reached his goal. His bulging sacks were crammed with a fortune in the elusive yellow metal.

He chortled to himself. "Heh-heh! Dog-gone if I ain't went and done it! Found me as rich a vein of the stuff as anybody ever saw!"

He halted the burro to check the leather thongs that held the worn canvas sacks that hung heavy on the Arizona pack saddle.

"A whole fortune, all for myself. Yessirree-bob! There's nobody as can out-dress or out-spend Old Pete from now on! I found my pile, and I aim to have me some fun!"

It was close to noon when the three riders rein-sawed their horses to a stop. Old Pete had watched them for an hour as they quartered across the desert toward him. He waved a hand in greeting, studying them with wise old eyes, seeing the low-hung Colts, the wear and dust of long, fast travel, the dried foam on the horses' sleek sides.

"Howdy, gents," Old Pete said. "You hom-bres 're a mite off the trail, ain't yuh? Yuh're cow-ropers."

The tallest of the three, a man with heavy shoulders and with a reddish scar zigzagging across his lower jaw, nodded glumly. "Lost our way, Pop. I reckon you ain't lost. You old prospectors know these deserts like they were yore own hand. Mind if we ride with yuh?"

Old Pete grunted. He liked loneliness. It didn't suit him to have three cold-eyed men riding side by side with him as he hit in toward River Gap. But he said, "Suit yer-selves. But I got to walk, I ain't rich enough to ride a bronc!" Old Pete chuckled in his throat as he plodded on through the sand.

He did not see the three men exchange quick glances at that triumphant chuckle; did not see the eyes narrow in suspicion as they ran over the pack-saddle, over the bulging sacks strapped to the Saint Andrew's cross on the cross-buck. Their lips narrowed, and they pulled their Stetsons lower over their sun-baked faces and rode with their shoulders hunched to the blistering heat.

Heavy Colts revolvers bobbed at their hips, and the dull brown stocks of Winchester .44-40s nodded gently at their horses' every step.

The men rode into the heat and the sunlight, breathing air that seemed cooked in an oven, feeling the noonday sun drain at their bodies, hunting out the moisture and the sweat, evaporating it before it could form on their chests and foreheads. Even Old Pete grunted his approval of them, along about sundown. They, like himself, were of the desert breed.

"Yuh hombres ain't no tenderfeet. Yuh been around. Give me a hand with these packs," he told them. "I'll whup up some supper."

The three men were silent, even while the savory odors filtered from Old Pete's cooking pan and into the cool night air. They sat cross-legged, near their saddles, while their mounts stood less than five feet behind them, ground-reined on the sand. Their cold eyes noted that Old Pete's worn canvas sacks were equally close to him while he cooked with his skillet.

When they were through eating, they pulled Wheeling stogies from their pockets, and offered him one. Old Pete took it, turning it in his fingers. "A poor man's Corona-Corona," he nodded. "Some day I'll have all the Coronas I want."

"Strike it rich, Pop?" asked the young one, a slim, wiry youth who wore a black shirt with pearl buttons, and levis so dark blue that they appeared to match the shirt. His Colts' butt-plates were mother-of-pearl. Old Pete had him tabbed as a dude.

"Nope," said Old Pete. "But I still got hopes."

The man with the scar laughed and gestured at the bulging canvas sacks. "Bet yuh plenty yuh got gold right there in them sacks, Pop," he grinned.

"Nope. Nope, I ain't," almost shouted Old Pete. "You stay away from them sacks!"

The man with the scar chuckled, and got to his feet. "Sure, Pop. Anything you say." But under the wide brim of his Stetson, his eyes touched briefly on the hard faces of his companions. Both of them nodded imperceptibly. They sat and watched Old Pete drag his sacks off to one side of the campfire, where he sat, muttering and mumbling to himself.

The three men finished their cigars in silence, then rose almost as one man, and walked twenty feet away. Old Pete never took his eyes from them as they unrolled their blankets, lay down on them, and with a deft twist, wrapped themselves up like bugs in cocoons.

The old man sat for hours, staring into the dying embers of the fire. He felt the cold chill of the night air go through him. Like

the cold of the grave, he thought. He was marked for death. He knew the signs. Their chuckles and their light talk did not fool him. They knew he carried gold in those sacks. They meant to take it.

Old Pete sighed. The desert breed did not whimper. He thought of the desert and her moods, almost the moods of a woman in their quick change. Those who lived on the desert, like the horned toad and the cactus rat, made the desert a very comfortable place. Knowing what its plants had to offer, they ate and drank where there seemingly was no food or water.

He lifted his head. His eyes were hard and cold. He stared at the three motionless shapes. He got to his feet and went away from them, fifty, then one hundred, then four hundred feet. When he found what he wanted he went to work, taking his long knife from its sheath, and using it.

Dawn came up in a blaze of red fire that tinted the sand and the sotol shrubs with blood. Here and there the blunt stems of an ocotillo stood up beside the giant's fingers of a saguaro cactus. The maguey plant thrust its spiked leaves upward beside the low leaves of the soap plant. The desert was wakening under the touch of the sun's rays.

From where he knelt over his fire, Old Pete watched the three men unroll themselves, stretch, and walk across toward him, shaking their blankets free of sand. The man with the jaw-scar came to stand in front of Old Pete. "How far are we from River Gap, Pop?" he wanted to know.

"Not far," said Old Pete. "Bout thirty mile as the hawk flies."

The man with the scar nodded. "I reckon yuh know who we are." His voice came hard and cold. "Mebbe yuh don't know our faces, but yuh sure know we ain't cowpokes."

"Yore hands are too soft to know 'bout lassos an' brandin' irons," nodded Old Pete. "Yuh know more 'bout cards an' guns than yuh do 'bout honest work."

The scarfaced man chuckled. "You use yore eyes — like we do."

Old Pete looked up sharply, fighting down the fear that crept up from his guts and out through his throat to his trembling lips. The man with the scar said, "Open those sacks!"

"No, by —!"

The man whirled him, a hand to his shoulder, sending him ten feet away and into the sand. The youth with the black shirt dropped his right hand and lifted a Colt, holding it aimed at Old Pete's middle. The man with the scar upended a sack on his saddle blanket. A score of big gold nuggets tumbled out. The youth with the black shirt swore in awe.

Old Pete jumped while their eyes were fastened to his nuggets. His hands dove for

the gun that the youth held, wrestling for it. The third man moved swiftly, circling around behind Old Pete. His Colt was held in his right hand. He shot once, twice, three times. Old Pete jerked convulsively, and fell forward, face down.

The man with the scar appraised him with his eyes, and nodded. He swept up the nuggets and replaced them in the canvas sacks. "He'll never talk now. He can't do anything to us. We'll hit for River Gap. It's only thirty miles away . . ."

Sheriff Luke Herbert bent over the dead man lying face down in the desert sand. He glanced up at the sun, and made a swift calculation. He shook his head. Old Pete had been dead many hours, now. No time to get him in to River Gap. He had to be buried here, with stones over him to mark his grave.

He was unstrapping his short-handled spade when he saw the three men staggering toward him across the blazing sands. At first they were dots moving erratically, then they grew larger, and larger. The sheriff put a hand on his holstered gun, and waited.

When they were within fifty feet, he knew them. He had seen the reward dodgers for these three killers who had come down into the New Mexico deserts from the Utah badlands. They were badly exhausted. Their tongues were black, swollen. Their lips were cracked. *They need water*, he thought swiftly. His eyes took in the canteens fastened to their saddlehorns. *Men without water travel in a circle on the desert.*

A man with a scar on his jaw croaked, "Water . . . water . . . water . . ."

When the sheriff saw the sacks, he guessed the rest — especially when the boy in the black shirt saw the dead man and began to laugh with shrill hysteria in his voice, pointing down at him, staggering around weakly.

"Water . . . water . . ." mumbled the man with the scar, clawing at his throat. "We'll tell yuh . . . only . . . give us . . . water! We did him in. The gold . . . was his. He told us . . . River Gap only thirty miles away. We shot him . . . took gold. But he got us . . . got us . . . like the desert breed he is!"

The sheriff went to a big canteen and put it to his lips. He spat out the soapy water. The other man nodded. "He must've hacked up the roots of a soap plant . . . Indians use 'em fer soap. Dropped 'em in our canteens. Jogging of the horses stirred soap plant roots an' water . . ."

The sheriff nodded. A man can't drink soapy water under a desert sun. It would get him after a while, as it had these killers. "There's an old sayin' around these parts that the desert takes care of its own," he told them, as he drew out his handcuffs and walked toward them. . . .

— THE END. —

the DURANGO KID

HORSE-THIEF!

A HATED WORD!
ONLY ONE KIND OF
PERSON LOWER THAN
A MAN WHO'D STEAL
A HORSE—AND THAT'S
A MAN WHO WOULD
MISTREAT ONE. THE
DURANGO KID RIDES
HARD LIKE A KNIGHT
OF OLD AGAINST A
MAN WHO DID
BOTH IN—

"HORSETHIEF!"



WAL, I'WONT BE NO TIME AT ALL
AN' WE'LL HAVE ALL THESE BRONCS
*SHARP-SHOOD FER WINTER. GOLLY, STEVE—
EF YOU AN' MULEY DIDN'T HELP ME
ROUND UP THIS HERD O' SADDLERS
AN' SHOE 'EM, I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I'DA DONE!

FORGET IT,
TEX. GOSH,
THESE ARE
FINE
HORSES.

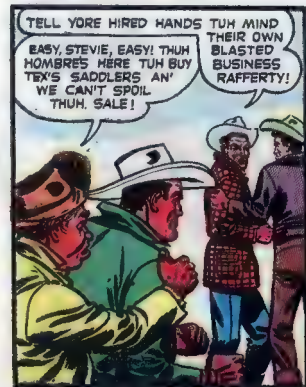
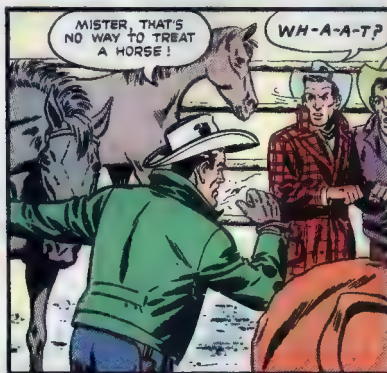
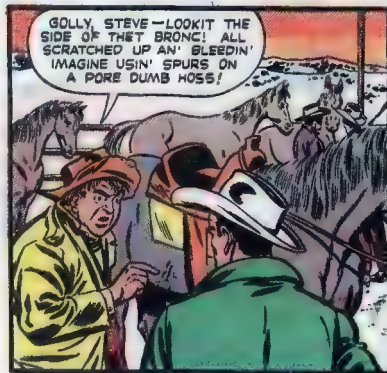
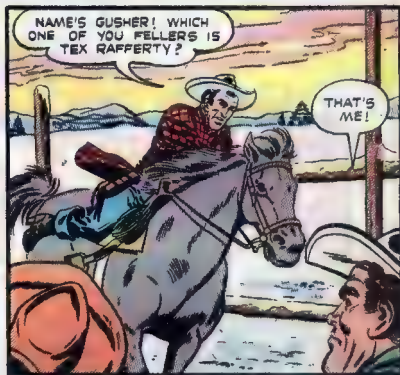
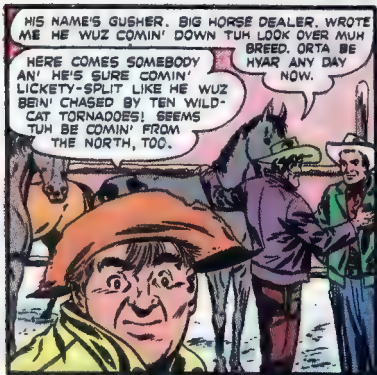
THEY RUN O' HARD LUCK LEFT ME WITH-
OUT HELP AN' IN DEBT UP TO MUH EAR.
BUT YUH'RE HELPIN' ME GIT CLEAR AGAIN.
I'M FIGGERIN' ON SELLIN' THIS WHOLE
CROP O' TWO-YEAR OLDS TUH A BUYER
FROM UP NORTH...



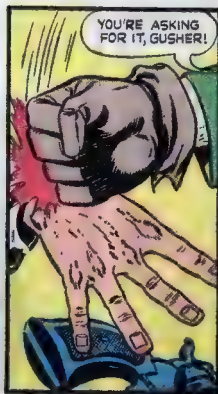
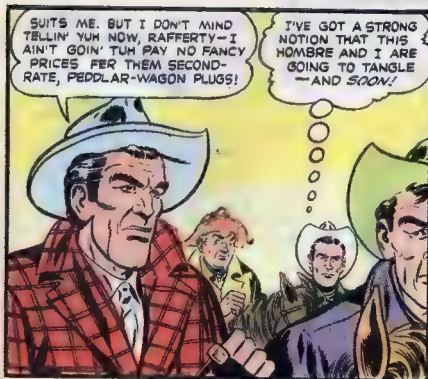
"A GOOD HORSEMAN 'SHARP-SHOES'
HIS HORSES IN WINTER TO KEEP
HIM FROM SLIPPING. LITTLE SHARP
CAULKS ARE SCREWED INTO THE
HORSE-SHOES.



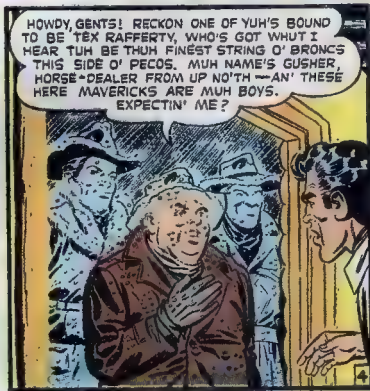
THE DURANGO KID

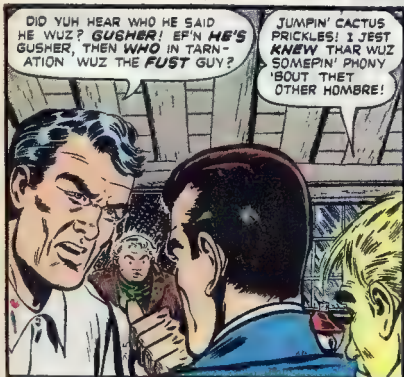


THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID





DID YUH HEAR WHO HE SAID HE WUZ? **GUSHER!** EF'N **HE'S** **GUSHER**, THEN **WHO** IN TARN-ATION WUZ THE **FUST** GUY?

JUMPIN' CACTUS PRICKLES! I JEST **KNEW** THAR WUZ SOMEFIN' PHONY 'BOUT THE' OTHER HOMBRE!



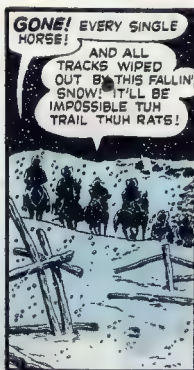
THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER, MEN. THAT FIRST HOMBRE WAS POSING AS **GUSHER** IN ORDER TO SCOUT OUT THE HERD—TO FIND OUT THE LAY OF THE LAND! AND THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE REASON—**HORSE-THIEVING!**

A-HOSS THIEF? IMPERSONATING **ME**? GALLOPIN' BEETLES, EF THAR'S ONE THING I HATE, IT'S A HOSS THIEF! **LET'S RIDE!**



WE'D BETTER CHECK THE CORRAL FIRST!

EF THET DIRTY VARMINT STOLE MUH HOSSSES—!



GONE! EVERY SINGLE HORSE!

AND ALL TRACKS WIPED OUT BY THIS FALLIN' SNOW! IT'LL BE IMPOSSIBLE TUM TRAIL THUH RATS!



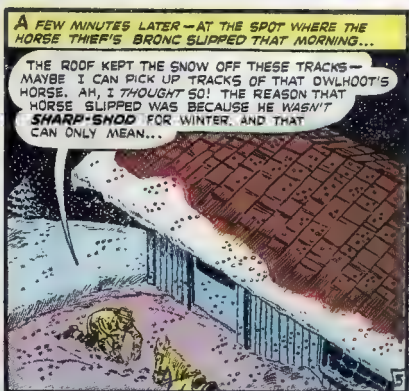
WE CAN STILL GIT HIM! WE DON'T NEED NO TRACKS. HE CAN'T HAVE GOT TOO FUR FROM HERE—AN' HE'S GOT TUH COAX THEM HOSSSES THROUGH THUH NO'TH PASS. WE KIN CATCH UP WITH HIM THAR!

LET'S GO! ME AN' MUH BOYS IS WITH YUH!



HEY, STEVE—WAR **YOU** GOIN'?

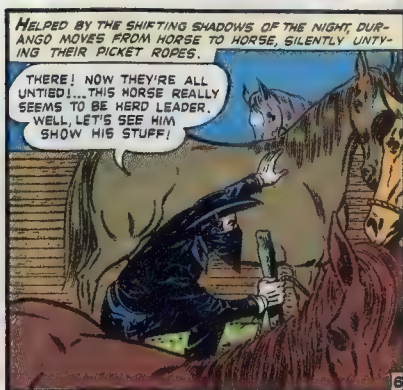
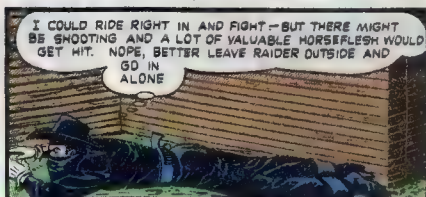
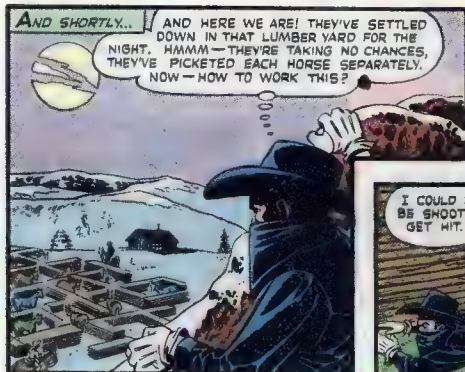
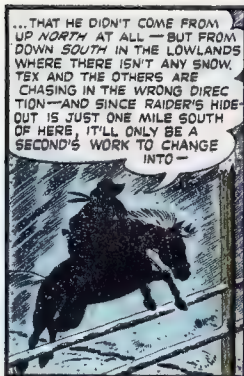
I'M PEELING OFF HERE, MULEY. I'VE A HUNCH OF MY OWN THAT I WANT TO LOOK INTO! YOU GO WITH THE OTHERS...



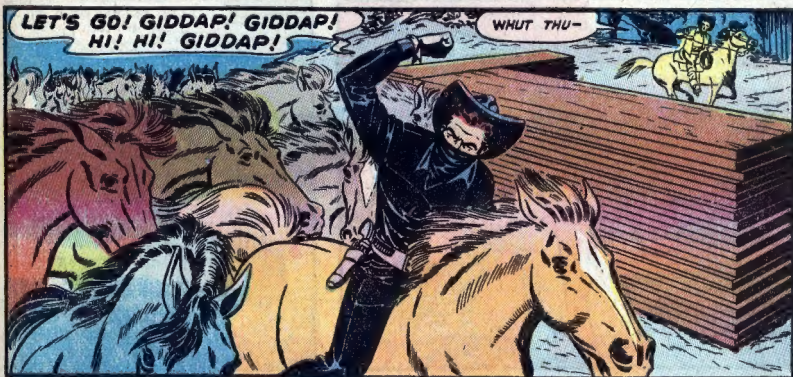
A FEW MINUTES LATER—AT THE SPOT WHERE THE HORSE THIEF'S BRONC SLIPPED THAT MORNING...

THE ROOF KEPT THE SNOW OFF THESE TRACKS—MAYBE I CAN PICK UP TRACKS OF THAT OWLHOOT'S HORSE. AH, I THOUGHT SO! THE REASON THAT HORSE SLIPPED WAS BECAUSE HE WASN'T **SHARP-SHO** FOR WINTER. AND THAT CAN ONLY MEAN...

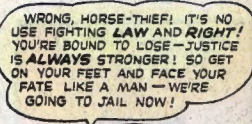
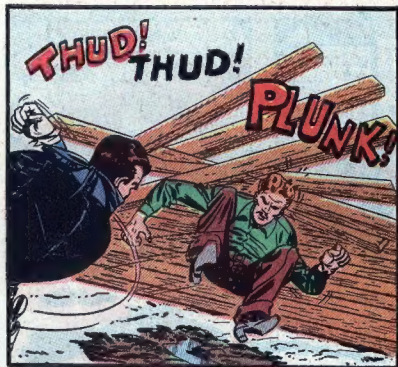
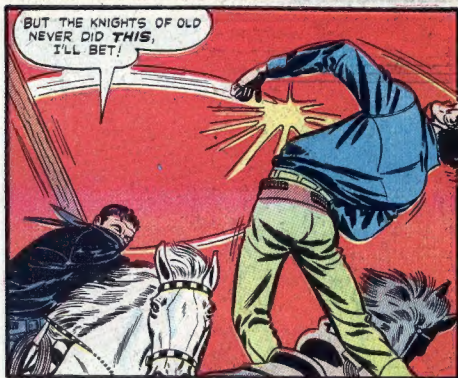
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



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FROM THE EXCITING WEST!



**STRAIGHT
ARROW**



**TIM
HOLT**



**BOBBY BENSON'S
B-BAR-B
RIDERS**

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FREE
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